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meetings
WEDNESDAYS @ 7 P.M. IN
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FLOOR OF THE EMU)

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Ezra Pound was a fascist.
- Dori



30 isn't old if you are Jimmy Car-
ter's declaration of national emer-
gency surrounding the Iran hos-
tage crisis of 1977.
- Miles



Mostly a vanity press for the magazine's
own staff since 1989.
-Clancy & Anna

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MOVERS AND SHAKERS

words from OV Alumna

The Oregon Voice is a one-of-a-kind journalistic boot camp that prepared me for the professional world like no other experience.

It was a crucible of sweat, deadlines and sleepless weekends that forged bonds and friendships that have lasted a lifetime.

In 1961, playwright Arthur Miller said, "A good newspaper, I suppose, is a nation talking to itself." Likewise, the Oregon Voice is a student publication talking to its student body. During my time on campus, it was a reflection of who we were and what life was like at the University of Oregon. Today, it's a compendium of campus life that likewise will be an invaluable historical document.

During my tenure (1995-2000), we covered controversial subjects like physician assisted suicide, reproductive rights, organized labor, homelessness and campus riots.

We interviewed writers, artists, filmmakers and musicians such as David Foster Wallace, The Indigo Girls, Kevin Smith, Le Ly Hayslip, Timothy Zahn and Patrick McManus. Punk icon Henry Rollins even wrote about comedian Lenny Bruce for the Oregon Voice.

We reviewed new albums and concerts and shot photographs of U2, Ben Harper, Ani DiFranco and the Rolling Stones when they played Eugene. (Sidenote: I photographed so many concerts for the Oregon Voice that I recently donated my archive to the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame—along with the first 10 years of Oregon Voice issues.)

We wrote about campus politics, sex, mascots, movies, food—and tried to do it with humor and insight.

And we did it all together.

I went on to become an author and journalist, and many of my colleagues did the same. My fellow Oregon Voice alumni went on to gigs at the *New Yorker*, the *Chicago Tribune*, *Cosmopolitan*, *The New York Times* and many other publications. Others became professional photographers, designers, cartoonists, professors and communications professionals.

And we all got our start at the Oregon Voice.

The University of Oregon should be commended for its wisdom in keeping this kind of journalistic incubator alive. It's been a proving ground for so much new talent to flourish. Lastly, thanks to current OV publisher Iris Kittleson for putting all of this together. Her leadership will set the stage for the next generation of Oregon Voice talent and set them up for success.

Here's to future issues of the Oregon Voice and the next 30 years of a vital, vibrant campus publication!

--Robert K. Elder, former executive editor and publisher ('00)

Photos left to right-

Bono of the band U2 at Autzen Stadium in Eugene, Oregon. May 6, 1997. Photographed for the Oregon Voice by Robert K. Elder.

Maynard James Keenan of the band Tool, Aug. 26, 1999, at the Salem Armory in Salem, Oregon. Reviewed by the Oregon Voice. Photo by Robert K. Elder.

Beck, touring in support of his album *Odelay*, at the EMU Ballroom on the University of Oregon campus, Feb. 10, 1997. Photographed for the Oregon Voice by Robert K. Elder.



Mainly, I remember the all-nighters.

I joined the Oregon Voice staff during its founding year, 1989. Founder/Editor Cliff Pfenning had no doubt surveyed U of O's student-magazine scene and noticed that it mostly involved Oregon Commentator and The Student Insurgent blasting away at each other with 32-pound cannons. That's a vital (and frequently hilarious) part of the student experience, but there wasn't anything dealing in long-form general-interest arts and feature writing. Cliff filled the void with the Voice, and I owe big chunks of my later career to his Big Idea.

At the time, I was drawing comic strips about my dorm-mates and posting them on the fourth floor of Tingle Hall (the strip was rather unfortunately titled "Tingle Force") -- so I was first conscripted to illustrate a very funny Voice humor column written by Jeff Young and Steve Jakobsen. Steve and Jeff were a pair of far-cooler-than-me wild men who had a nasty habit of rousing me from my hangover by busting into my dorm room while filming me with a camcorder the size of a school bus. I was tasked with drawing Steve and Jeff looking magnificent, usually in kilts, and then somehow tying it into the topic of the column at hand. I have a vague recollection of drawing them in their kilts staring dramatically at a sky filled with Lucky Charms marbits. It was that kind of column.

JeffAndMike

Jeff and yours truly, back in the day.

We all bonded over the all-nighters. In 1989, the Macintosh Plus (1MB of RAM! An 8MHz processor! A 20MB hard drive! Nine staggering inches of screen space!) was about as good as student computers got; you could go fetch a cup of coffee while PageMaker re-rendered if you moved a text box. So in those early days, we were laying out the magazine old-school -- pasting printed-out type, Xeroxed cartoons and dot-screened photos on signature sheets of blue-line paper with hot-wax rollers. If you found a typo and time was a factor, you typeset the correction and tacked it over the error with rubber cement. There was a tactile quality to making the magazine then, and I suspect that's something today's generation is missing, unless Adobe InDesign has a plug-in that dumps hot wax on your arm when you forget to put the cap on.

(I just posted that last sentence on Twitter, and a friend of mine replied, "You forgot to add the #getoffmylawn hashtag.")

But as I'm sure everyone who's pulled an all-nighter on a student magazine can attest, there's a special kind of surreal giddiness that sets in around 3:30 a.m., and if good people surround you, special things can happen. And that first-year staff was a splendid, passionate crew full of people who loved to crack each other up and fill each issue with stupid little Easter eggs while getting bombed on chocolate-covered espresso beans. We even had a fellow named Stephen Moore who had no interest in contributing to the magazine whatsoever; he just loved to soak up the good production-night vibes and declared himself "Staff Masseuse," which is how I believe he was listed on the masthead.

HowToDraw.WEB Once, we were pasting together an issue at 4 a.m. and found ourselves with a big empty space on one page. In five minutes, Jeff Young and I filled that space with a comic strip about a crudely drawn hairless cat who -- in that and future issues -- would be killed repeatedly in various esoteric ways (by being turned into a piñata, by Franz Kafka, by being transformed into Tarzan's loincloth, by being bitten by MacGruff the Crime Dog, by having his budget repeatedly slashed by \$500 by the Incidental Funding Committee). I drew it left-handed in five minutes right on the blue-line paper, and Jeff signed it "Vernon C. Wallingford III." And thus was the magazine's crudely drawn mascot born.

(Note to current staffers: I will draw you new Hairless Kats whenever you need them, forever.)

The twin addictions of production-night buzz and getting a stapled paper reward for all that hard work sort of ruined me -- but in a nice way. For the next two-and-a-half years, I wrote, co-wrote, illustrated and laid out silly, silly articles for OV (usually at the last minute) on everything from dating to suburban-hippie posers to strange supermarket food to the current cinema. We once created a fake clothing catalog called "O. Voice" in which we all modeled; I turned up in boxer shorts, reading the paper and drinking coffee while a woman took a swing at my head with a tennis racket.

FranksKilledKat There was a pretty hot student-cartooning scene at U of O at the time, and most of those cartoonists turned up in the Voice -- collaborating on two-page "Mondo Jam" comic strips in which one artist would write and draw a panel of comics and hand it off to the next artist, who took the story wherever he or she saw fit. We did one in 1992 in which we heaped untold amounts of abuse on Billy from "Family Circus." I later wrote a paper for my Mass Media Law class about whether or not we could be successfully sued over this comic. It is the only time Oregon Voice helped my grades rather than hindering them.

But here's the thing, and if I may close this remembrance with two bits of career advice:

1. You can always re-take a class you've failed. But you can put your time as an Oregon Voice staffer on your first resume.

Also, feel free to plunder your early Voice work well into your modestly compensated media career. These days, I occasionally draw a comic strip called "Mr. Do & Mr. Don't" for The Oregonian's A&E section; I first invented those characters in 1989 or 1990 to illustrate an extraordinarily naïve article I wrote about the dos and don'ts of college dating. I also draw a non-fiction comic strip called "CulturePulp" for The O in which I appear as the main character; that character wears a t-shirt proudly emblazoned with a Hairless Kat logo.

-- Mike Russell (OV staffer, 1989-92)

We were a group who liked to laugh, liked to write things, had ambitions to make a movie, and occasionally put out a magazine. Our themed issues were special. Their path to print was there from the beginning. The Plant Issue came out in the summer when no one was looking. It was my last one, and didn't arrive until after I graduated. Those stories were like seeds. You had to leave them for a while, let them do their work on their own.

There was the Future Issue, one whose pages were definitely on the way but still out of reach somehow. On the brink of graduation, the concept felt so real that a magazine wasn't enough. We had to make a web series to promote it, then make a movie out of that, and then throw a party to shoot a single scene the movie needed (probably). It's amazing the lengths you can go to before realizing that you want create a time capsule.

By the time the issue was ready, we had lost its back cover and dropped a few stories along the way. We laughed because it rang true that the future was something that would never come. It was always far away, until the day you found yourself living in it.

To the kids making this magazine now, in this weird future I couldn't imagine back then, I say make a magazine and don't be afraid not to. Always keep back-up copies of your cover art. It's the future and everything belongs in the cloud.

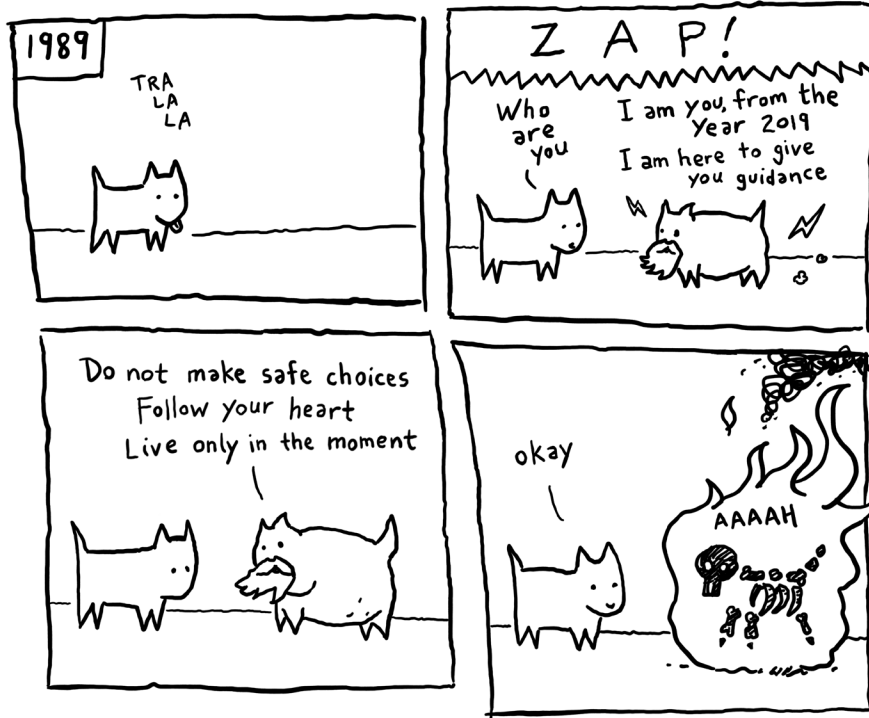
--Scot Braswell, Editor-in-Chief (2008-2010)



ADVICE ^{TO} YOUR YOUNGER SELF

KILD THE HAIRLESS KAT

© 1989/2019 VERNON C. WALLINGFORD III



"Small group today." The very first words I heard at a Voice meeting. Scot, who was the editor, tried keeping a straight face as he said it. A small handful of people in what was a standing-room-only meeting gave each other eyes and laughed a sort of insider-laugh. What was so funny?

Weeks earlier I sent what, in hindsight, was an embarrassingly formal resume to a magazine that "published as many times as we want per academic school year." I was encouraged to come to a meeting.

It took a few weeks, but by November those meetings thinned out. By the end of fall term, everyone had a chair, maybe even two. I finally got the joke.

To me, the Voice really aimed to entertain the couple dozen or so people who created it but we just so happen to have a big enough budget to print 2,000 (or however many) copies. It was the best kind of creative outlet, and I felt lucky to meet a community of people who, for whatever reason, found a weekly meeting in the Century Room as the most infinite hour of the week.

As good as it felt to hold a new copy in your hands my favorite memories of the Voice had very little to do with making a magazine. We tried to make a movie. It didn't work out, but those three or so weeks were some of the most surreal of my time in college. The Hustlin' Committee was an equally unique venture for a student group. So was our ever-expanding distribution box network, the Dance Off, Rent-a-Pooch, the pizza party and on and on. The voice became such an all-encompassing part of my life at UO that I can't really think of one without the other. I'm glad I stuck with it.

--Tyler Pell, OV class of 2011

art JEFF YOUNG & MIKE RUSSELL

Burning (2018)

words MILES SHEPARD

Bijou Art Cinemas was lucky enough to screen Korean director (and genius) Lee Chang-dong's new film *Burning*. Before I had the chance to see it, I was surprised to read the stark division in audience reviews, considering Lee's universal critical acclaim and excellent cast. The hype set it up as a stay-for-credits movie for one camp, and a leave-early experience for another. I ultimately sided with the former, but to the down voter's credit, the film is admittedly not about a lot. This isn't to say that it has no pulse, much the opposite, it was teeming with its liveliness, eloquently capturing the juxtaposition of the speed of life for the Seoul dwelling elite (complete with a vomit inducing strobe light guiding the audience through a dark club scene) against the slow pace of agrarian life. In a more literal way, the plot of the movie was filled with contradictions and paradoxes. It's certainly about the general trials and tribulations of Lee Jong-su, an impoverished laborer working in the Korean countryside, and the plot definitely details his nightmarish entanglement with Shin Hae-me, a childhood neighbor, and Ben, her wealthy boyfriend.

The certainty in what it's "about" stops there. It's kind of about sexual obsession, kind of about the unreliability of memory. What *Burning* does very well, and maybe where it asks for a little too much from some viewers, is to capture the sense of confusion around certain slippages of memory. Did my trauma, my uneasiness come from something that happened to me last week while I was awake? While I was dreaming? Was I high? What's the difference?

Without making too grandiose a statement, maybe people were turned off by *Burning* because it mimicked the structure of life. The moments between the unfolding plot consist of repetitive imagery, hinting at the surreal but still very grounded in realism. At times, a deep, meditative breath soundtracks these montages of Lee Jong-su's pace of daily life: he gets a sad handjob, he drives through Seoul and suspects he may be followed, he gets lost in the rows of greenhouses in the familiarity of his own farmland. Ultimately, the viewer is left with way more questions than answers, which makes *Burning* a rather demanding experience, but one that presents a vision of elevated cinema. If you need something more straightforward, *Happy Death Day 2U* plays @ the Valley River Center Regal Cinemas.

REVIEWS

Bandersnatch

As a lover of psychological thrillers, and a fan of the Black Mirror Series, I can honestly say *Bandersnatch* left me high and dry. The concept had me hooked, and on the night of the release four friends and I gathered in my living room at midnight ready for a mind-fuck orgy. We giggled and gasped at the first few choices: What alternative dimension will we be sent to based on our choice of breakfast cereal? How badly can we screw this guy up with Frosties instead of Puffs? Unfortunately, what masked itself as a deep interdimensional trip was merely Netflix aiding us in the mental masturbation of their take on pseudo-philosophy. Boasting "5 hours of footage" as a "choose your own adventure" movie does not mean the viewers can submerge themselves in multiple hour-and-a-half movies. The major plot of *Bandersnatch* does not change regardless of decisions, and Stephen will fuck right off and do whatever he wants at the end of the day. This major deception caused the prospect of having a viewer so deeply impacted that they question their own life choices to be lost. Yeah, I get it, the whole idea is "the illusion of free will". Stephen initially embodies this, but the tables are turned when we realize that we as the "choosers" cannot make a major choice besides shuffling through the last few scenes a half dozen times to watch alternate endings. Sounds deep, but the fact that that major plot twist is not revealed until you watch the movie a second time, makes it feel like a cop out. No viewer ever has control over a movie, so why go through the trouble of contorting some fourth-dimensional, government-conspiracy-ridden plot about being controlled by some joe-blow from the future? Don't get me wrong, it was still fun to play along and the fight scene was worth its weight in gold. But what started as hopes for a sleepless night turned into an eye-rolling affair as we chanted, "Chop the body! Chop the body!"

words JENNA BURNS

Seinfeld in retrospect • Some Q's

- Does Elaine Benes encapsulate what it means to be a 30-year-old woman?
- Why does George gain back brain cells after becoming an incel?
- Why did Sarah Silverman (whatever the hell her character's name was) sleep with Kramer?
- Also is Kramer an anarchist?
- What is Jerry's body count?
- How did Jerry afford his apartment?
- Did Newman know son of sam?
- How did Newman's intestines handle all those muffins Elaine paid him to eat?
- Why is the sponge Elaine's go-to birth control?
- Who truly is the master of their domain?

words MAGGIE DIXON

Like OV, "Seinfeld" careened out of (Larry David's?) womb in 1989 — here's some stuff we still haven't figured out 30 years on.

13

going on
review

30

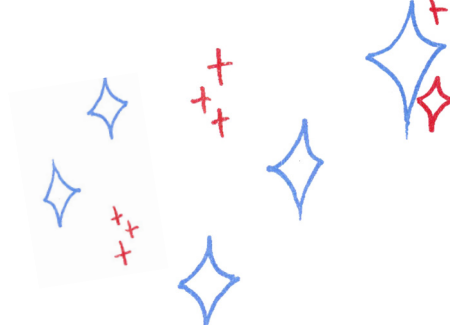
When I was 13, every day after school I would come home and watch the movie *13 Going on 30*. At the time, I had hoped to find the wishing dust that the main character Jenna Rink uses to go skip through her teenage years and become thirty, flirty, and thriving. I then hoped, as Jenna did, to become the editor of *Poise* magazine, and find my super cute childhood friend and fall in love with him. It has been 6 years since I watched the movie and I decided to go back into the past and relive the movie that brought me so much joy. Except this time, I had experienced being a teenager and had finally noticed some pretty big problems with the plot.

First of all, it was quite strange that no one was even the slightest bit worried about Jenna waking up and thinking she was a 13-year-old girl who was actually in her thirties. Later on in the movie, Jenna befriends a middle school girl in her building named Becky. And when she shows up to her slumber party, I did not find the scene as endearing as I did when I was 13. In fact, I wondered where Becky's parents were. And why were they not concerned that a 30-year-old woman was hanging out with their teenage daughter and her friends? However, this was not my biggest problem with the plot of the movie. My biggest problem with the movie was the fact that her childhood friend Matt, who has a fiancée, had not spoken to her in seventeen years and she shows up out of nowhere and falls in love with Matt after a few weeks of hanging out. She then sabotages the marriage between him and his fiancée Wendy. After sabotaging their marriage she goes back in time to win Matt over. It then skips to the future, where she gives up her dream job as editor of *Poise* magazine to be with her middle school boyfriend.

Besides these plot problems, the movie is truly a product of the early 2000's. Jenna still has a landline and flip phone, whale tails are socially acceptable, and it has the most pleasant poppy music soundtrack. The movie still has its charm, from the sprinkle of 80's one hit wonders, the Thriller dance scene, and a young hot Mark Ruffalo, it was pretty hard not to enjoy.



words **MOLLY SCHWARTZ**
art **ANNA MAESTAS**



This darkness, this radiating warmth, this suspension—this is absolute placidity. It cannot be breached. Those muted warnings of an impending doom, of a disastrous time when the universe, and I with it, shall fall to meet my maker? Those cannot be true. Hogwash. Balderdash. Poppycock. GTFO. Call the cops.

Yet, something diminishes around me rapidly. A suction force drives a sickening pressure into my brain and pulls me low. The walls come to life. They close in on me, assault me with shoves and smothers. For what indiscretion do I suffer this banishment?

No, no, no. This pressure is agonizing the Warmth expels me into a red glow the murmurs grow louder until they pierce. One sound urges me forward above the rest. It supplicates me as if I am its King and this canal my red carpet.

Then

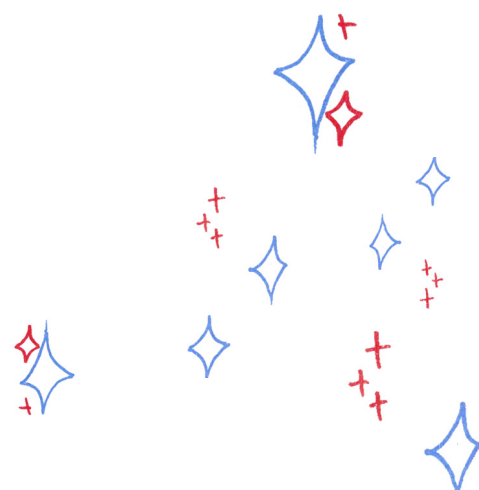
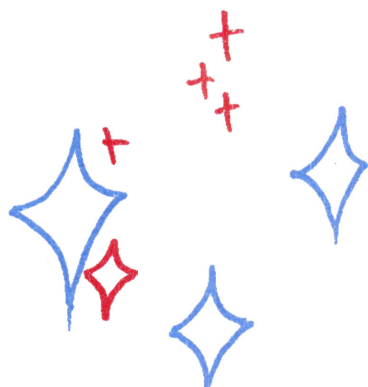
... an iciness. A terror so violating to my senses that I must scream. And let rush the air from my fresh lungs I do.

Years later, she giggles at my claims of betrayal. She insults my pain, claims that the female forgets the unparalleled (!!!!) anguish of delivery so to willingly repeat the act. And yet, she never neglects to thank me. She promises that my sacrifice has filled her with meaning, that her years have been livelier, richer—that it was worth it.

I do not understand. To be ripped at the seams, exsanguinated, made to wail like an infant— this is the price one pays for satisfaction? A labor of love? Hrm. All I see is blood on paper, marks indelible, statements untractable.

Anyway, I maintain that I was wrenched from my sanctuary to be served a (literal!) head start into shit. That she has forgotten the period feels the shittest. A time when our innards gurgled in intimate harmony. I remember.

Writing **ZEEYA ASPANDIAR**





Dream Birthdays

Birthday parties have always been alluring and mysterious to me. There has always been a fantasy element that I found in birthday parties, so I asked five people to share with me theirs.



Fiona Theme: Sweet Sixteen

Why did you pick this?: I already had my quince the year before. It was kind of okay but it was less exciting. (Lovely photographer picked it actually.)

How old were you?: Sixteen

What did you do instead?: I went to dinner with my best friend and her family.



Annalee Theme: Murder Mystery

Why did you pick this?: I wanted to know why murder mystery parties were a cliché, and I love teamwork. My parents even bought a kit for it.

How old were you?: This was in sixth grade.

What did you do instead?: I don't know, I think we just watched a movie. No one really wanted to play a part and do it.

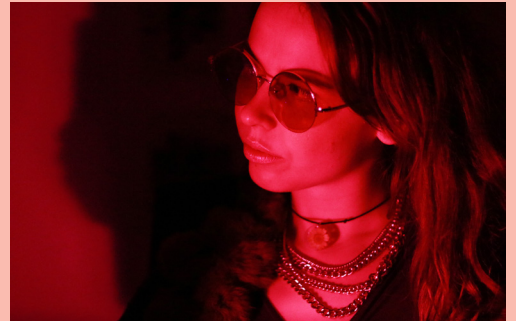


Evelyn Theme: Disco

Why did you pick this?: It opens up a venue for nostalgic music and I'd be super comfortable and chill. That's what I enjoy most about parties. I really like the style of seventies.

How old were you?: Twenty-one

What did you do instead?: My family and a couple of my friends went wine tasting, and had a bonfire afterward. It wasn't a rager! Wasn't a disco!



Evan Theme: Pity Party

Why did you pick this?: I thought it would be funny, I'm not into parties.

How old were you?: 30

Why do you think boys don't care about parties?: Hmm, I don't really know. I just wanted to go paintballing or do laser tag but it was too expensive.

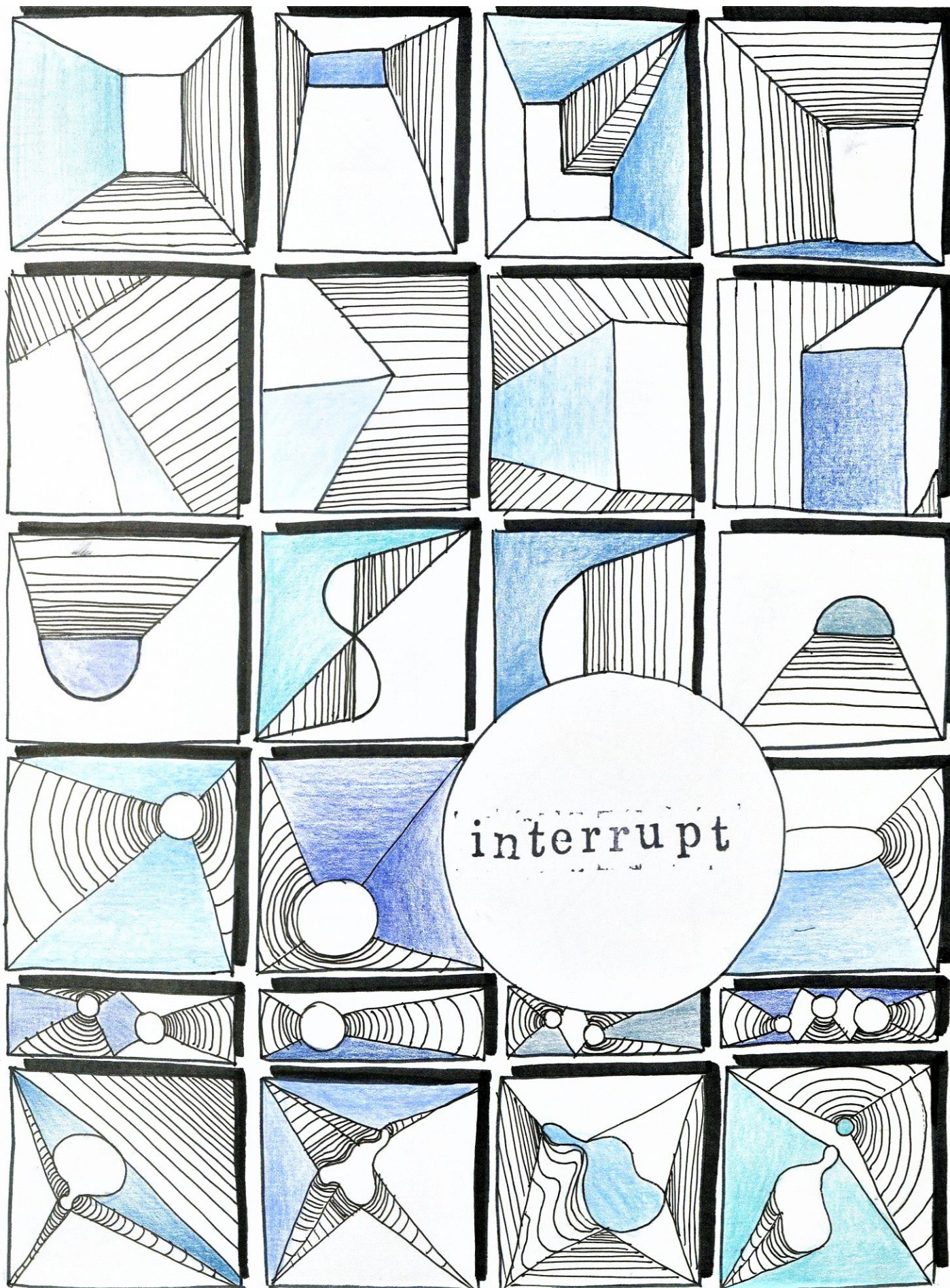


Jenna Theme: Glam Sweet Sixteen

Why did you pick this?: I always wanted a sweet sixteen and I just didn't tell my mom I wanted one.

How old were you?: Sixteen

What did you do instead?: My friends threw me a party. They locked me in my friend's basement while they decorated and I watched 3 Rolling Stones documentaries.



THIRTEEN TURNING THIRTY



- oregon voice magazine
- seinfeld
- saved by the bell
- the simpsons
- alexandria ocasio-cortez
- corbin bleu
- alia shawkat
- “eternal flame” by the bangles
- berlin wall death day
- 2 cyanide grapes
- “like a prayer” by madonna
- daniel radcliffe
- george h.w. bush’s cocaine baggie
- galileo spacecraft launch
- ted bundy’s corpse



- the joy luck club by amy tan
- kiki’s delivery service
- “every rose has its thorn” by poison
- taylor swift
- joe jonas
- bill & ted’s excellent adventure
- the little mermaid
- princess daisy
- third polish republic
- the game boy
- daniel kaluuya
- baywatch
- “straight up” by paula abdul
- mtv unplugged
- my boyfriend



POETRY

Francisco Muniz IV

I share a birthday with Frankie Muniz
We've never had a party together

After he played Malcolm he raced cars
and did a dance show
for a while
but he really never won

His brain gets blocked up
and he's lost a lot of things
He might've forgotten
seeing Dale Earnhardt's crash

He can't remember all his birthdays
or being Cody Banks
But frankly, Muniz, I can't remember
either of those things either

Frankie, when you read this
call me up on December 5
You can drive my car as fast as you want
and listen to the song from the show

When we're both old and it's too cold
to go dancing with any stars
you I can turn ages together
we'll sing and say "life is unfair"



Thanks

I sneezed in the womb
people said to my mom "you okay?"
she said only
"God bless you"

sad prank

my husband the fireman
this old birthday boy
turned his face to me
sparkle-lit, tired, and cold
as he spent up his breath
but his burden persisted
and he saw the inferno
renewed

i did it

I was born 4 lbs
now I weigh a lot more lbs
because I ate so much

words **PATRICK RILEY**



The ache in my body tells me I'm alive
The slowest death is living
What is love but a fleeting feeling
And what is life but a heartbeat beating

I feel your soul coincide
With the rev of an engine
Hard hearts open with the slightest of ease
Is it me that's dreaming
or is it these dreams that reflect
Unknown pleasures of the mortal mind
Who knew the unknown could feel so divine

My thoughts come up with a nauseating rush
Midnight hour and my hands on the clutch
Committing to myself for the first time in my life
Living for myself has never felt so damn right

words **JENNA BURNS**

art **MIRANDA CAVAGNARO**

POETRY

when she turns thirty I'll turn thirty too. just like I turned sixteen. just like I turned twenty-three. there's a picture of us from that fly-stuck-in-molasses moment when I was exactly half her age, our arms thrown out all Broadway, the schmaltz of Times Square behind us. in it we are both children. live vicariously through your older sister and wait for Saturday nights. let everything about her become everything about you and when your mother calls her beautiful wait till you're older to take it personally. after she drives off in the red truck which will later be yours sit on the floor in the empty room which will later be yours and cry because it is empty, so obviously, so clearly, of her. be little. be clean. stand across from each other making jazz hands, touching your nose, touching hers. having been born of goodly parents I will try to make good again, like all babies, to smooth over ruts and live my whole life starting over. I have already been every age that I am: what's twenty-nine? what's thirty? nobody ever asked me to prom but Hannah looked so pretty in her blue shift dress, and for some reason I'm in all the photos, small and still brown-haired, tip-toeing into her kisses.

words **DORI MOSMAN**



"I'll be around."

-Jenna



Linked in



"I'll have been laid off twice and will be a low waste vegan with a designer dog, not married but co-living with a life partner."

-iris

"One big burp."

-Patty



"I dont know if I want to be alive or carrie bradshaw"

-molly



"I'll have several dozen starwars lego sets in a room in my basement."

-clancy



"Make my first mil"

-Miles



"I imagine ill be living in
san francisco and i will be
in a serious relationship but
no kids, one cat."

-Anna



"Your favorite hippy spin-
ster aunt who brings whis-
ky to thanksgiving"

-Danielle



"Ben Shapiro will have
called me a bitch."

-Dori



"In crippling debt"

-Danielle

"Not in America"

-Hanna



Tag Yourself

Ever walked by an ivory tower or two and wondered which of their namesakes you're more like? But of course! Pretty sure all these guys are racists who DON'T deserve buildings named after them but DO deserve to get made fun of in OV. Voilà!



Eric Allen Sr.

- Actively wants son to live in his shadow
- Sickly yet overconfident
- Emo enough to marry a poet



Thomas J. Autzen

- Has nothing to do with the U of O
- Lumberjack vibes
- Will die on a fishing trip



Ellis F. Lawrence

- Artsy but actually good at art
- Has a photo on his Wiki page but not of him
- Terrified of the Big One



Donald Erb

- Cares about science and stuff
- Too young to be doing this
- Somehow still obsessed with Chipotle



Irene H. Gerlinger

- 'Hazard is my middle name'
- Advocates cruelty to sons-in-law
- Loud Republican



Chuck Lillis

- A dirty capitalist
- Tells grandkids to call him 'Papa'
- Jack Donaghy is his God



Jordan Schnitzer

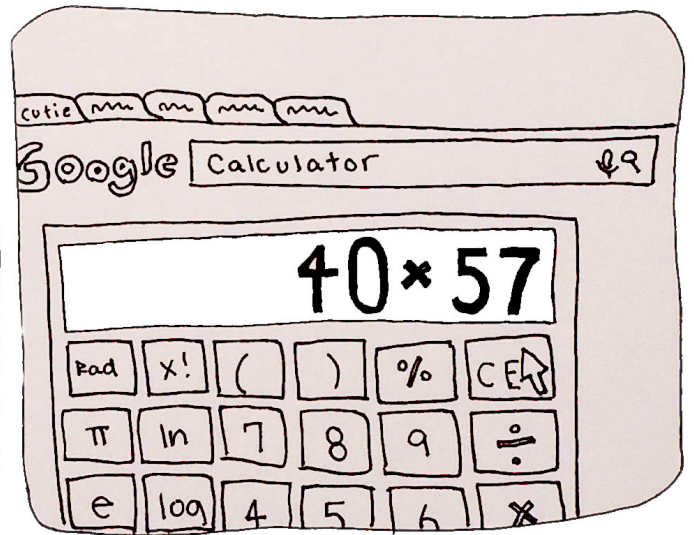
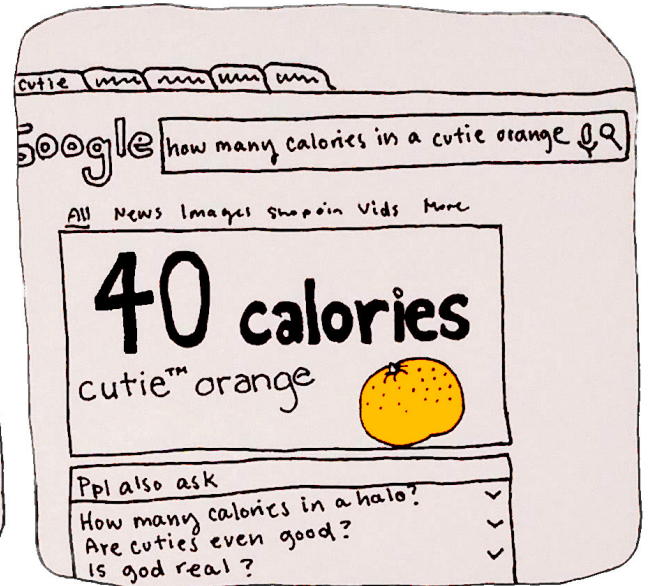
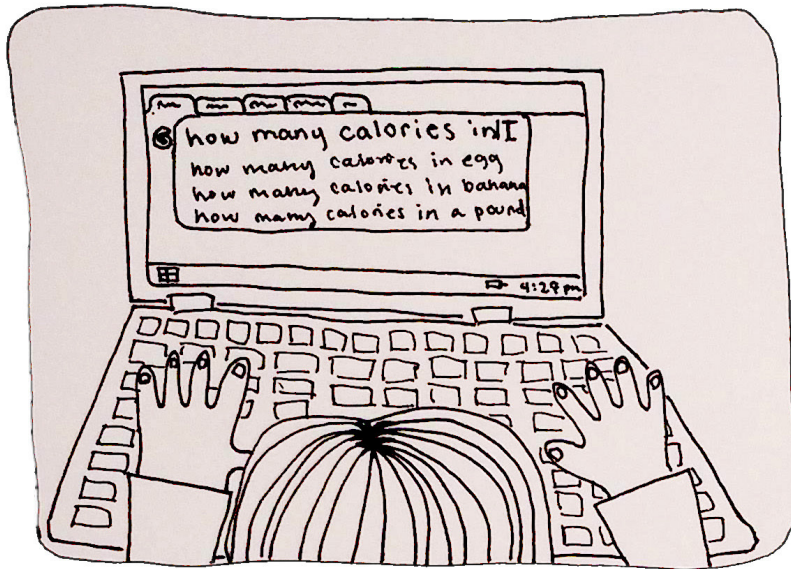
- 'The Johnny Appleseed of art appreciation'
- Cries at paintings of Oregon
- Waiting on his inheritance



Prince Lucien Campbell

- Raised super Christian
- Pro-property tax
- Not even a fucking prince

words **DORI MOSMAN**





art **JENNA BURNS**

30 SONGS FOR

30 YEARS

- 
- 0 T-Mobile Wi-Fi 11:43 PM 17%
Birthday Bitch 🙄😡😡
• Like A Prayer (1989) • Madonna ...
• The Only Ones I Know (1990) • The Charlatans ...
• Before I Sleep (1991) • Mazzy Star ...
• Twisterella (1992) • Ride ...
• La Femme Fetal (1993) • Digable Planets ...
• Distopian Dream Girl (1994) • Built To Spill ...
• Lo Boob Oscillator (1995) • Stereolab ...
• She's Losing It (1996) • Belle & Sebastian ...
• Return to Hot Chicken (1997) • Yo La Tengo ...
• Doo Wop (That Thing) (1998) • Ms. Lauryn Hill ...
• Paper Bag (1999) • Fiona Apple ...
• Untitled (How Does It Feel) (2000) • D'angelo ...
• Is This It (2001) • The Strokes ...
• Heavy Metal Drummer (2002) • Wilco ...
• Maps (2003) • Yeah Yeah Yeah's ...
• Float On (2004) • Modest Mouse ...
• Start of Something (2005) • Vixtro ...
• Shade and Honey (2006) • Sparklehorse ...
• Your Arms Around Me (2007) • Jens Lekman ...
• Gardenia (2008) • Stephen Malkmus + the Jicks ...
• Where Is Love? (2009) • Doin It!!! ...
• Silver Soul (2010) • Beach House ...
• Beyond the Grasp of Guilt (2011) • Teenage Cool Kids ...
• Pink Matter (2012) • Frank Ocean ...
• The Ballad of Keenan Milton (2013) • Devendra Banhart ...
• Strawberry Smoothie (2014) • Twin Peaks ...
• Eugene (2015) • Sufjan Stevens ...
• Human Performance (2016) • Parquet Courts ...
• Dreams Tonite (2017) • Alvvays ...
• Night Shift (2018) • Lucy Dacus ...

18 Going on 30

Let me set the scene for you: a distraught 18-year-old and a woman celebrating her 30th birthday, both apprehensive about their aging, walk into a bar after convening awkwardly in an axe throwing place. We've both become extensions of each other's bullshit and unwillingness to confront ourselves. My retelling of this event only exposes my guilt and neurosis for what I am. I can only attempt to sweat, piss, cry, vomit and shit out the never-ending longing for a motherly figure. Negating her only drives the delusions. My indefatigable strivings for unattainable love can only allow one bodily fluid to leave at the sight of guilt; spewing itself upon the landmark and entangling my perverted memory of the night. My self-condemnation remains contained until the inevitable threat of death creeps up through my yellow winter coat.

My thoughts begin to wander trying to reason through my invitation. Engulfed in terror, I accept that I must be here for their sacrifice. For every person under the age of 21 that becomes their victim, they delay their aging by 5 years. They can forget about applying sunscreen daily. I begin to imagine their process for selecting their candidate and they must fit the following criteria: a.) cries to "Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain" on a regular basis b.) has stated God is dead and c.) never had a prom date. Well, who knows if that's really their criteria, but if so, I am screwed.

There are no words to be made out, no sentences to string together but my pathetic sobbing. I have become the embodiment of sloppy mistakes and youthful ignorance. No longer a woman, but only the novelty whose tears pause the slow demise. To trade places, trade responsibility or lack of responsibility, there's no need for reality. I am in cahoots with delusion. I only see you for what I desire. A novelty to you as a novelty to me. Aloof like my own mother brings comfort and familiarity. The coldness wraps me in its arm like a helpless infant and consoles me.

It's no longer the reality I am experiencing but my inescapable baggage of celebrating birthdays. Birthdays are another reminder of my mother's internalized misogyny, of her own pain and suffering. Gifting me acne scrub, underwear and tampons every year; she does not want me to forget that I am only seen for my body. Parading me around like I am her pedigree show dog; like I am the bitch she has raised.



words **MAGGIE DIXON**

art **TUESDAY LEWMAN**



art ADDISON ALFORD







art **JONATHAN ROENSCH**

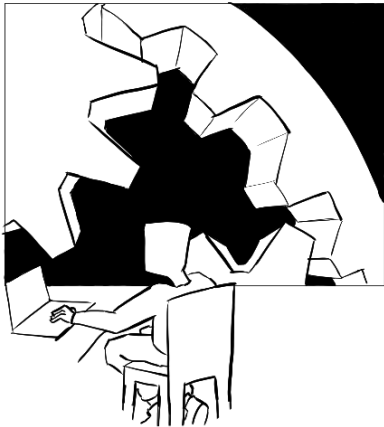


OV In The Age of Aquarius

Astrologers and astronomers disagree by several hundred years about which Vernal Equinox will move the Earth out from under the constellation Pisces and into Aquarius, but for this essay, I'm going to stick with March 2012. 2012 was supposed to be the Earth's expiration date, but here we are, still spinning seven years later. And, since the dawn of the Age of Aquarius, there's been less "harmony and understanding, Sympathy and trust abounding, No more falsehoods or derisions, Golden living dreams of visions, Mystic crystal revelation, And the mind's true liberation" ("Medley: Aquarius/Let the Sunshine In (The Flesh Failures)", from the 1969 musical Hair) but an explosion of interest in astrology.



My mom and I used to read our horoscopes in the back of the newspaper, written by a woman named Risa, whose hair took up almost her entire headshot. My birth chart was drawn by hand in colored pens by my grandfather's wife after I was born and my dad thinks it's bullshit.



The Christian polling institute Boren published an extensive study of Gen Z's religious and spiritual beliefs, and found that two times as many Gen Z-ers claim to be atheist than Millennials. (Even that number seems remarkably low to me, but probably my West coast university town bubble is showing.) While Christianity and organized religion are going out of fashion for young people, New Age spirituality and mindfulness are mainstream and nearly obligatory. As Boren sought to understand why young people are moving away from the church and how to re-engage them, they found that "teens, along with young adults, are more likely than older Americans to say the problem of evil and suffering is a dealbreaker for them. It appears that today's youth, like so many throughout history, struggle to find a compelling argument for the existence of both evil and a good and loving God." Enter astrology.

Planets are neutral--neither benevolent nor vengeful. They are criss-crossing their predestined and predictable routes that they have been traveling for billions of years and aloof of us. It gives people without belief in God a connection to the cosmos and awareness of a larger system. I think the drudgery and meaningless work we all need to do, from classes we don't care about, internships paid under living wage, marching on of household tasks, leads to faster burn-out when there's no greater purpose or meaning to it all.

Young people (I cringe to write Millennials) love astrology because of hyper fixation on the self as a project. Working on your personal brand is as important, if not more so, than doing things for the sake of enjoyment and satisfaction. We love all types of personality tests that place us into a category and tell us why we do the things we do. From BuzzFeed quizzes that tell you what type of Oreo you would be, to Myer-Briggs Type Indicators (I'm an ENTJ), leadership style tests, and any other kind of psychometrics, the opportunity to take a simple quiz and glean a glimpse of explanation for your behavior is as tantalizing as it is readily available.



The self is a novelty to be explored and understood, and astrology provides a system that represents and encapsulates the endless choices and malaise I feel. It has never been easier and more easily digestible to soak in information about my entire birth chart. Instagram meme pages provide fodder to share back and forth with friends, the Co-Star app provides personalized updates and explanations of your placements every day while rating your compatibility with other users, and I get Broadly's horoscopes delivered straight to my inbox. I worry though, that it's becoming just another way to have preconceived perceptions of people and a disintegration of organic human interaction in society.

words **IRIS KITTLESON**
art **MICHAEL BURKE**



art **MILES SHEPARD**

OVERHEARDS

Oh my labia!!

I feel like every OV issue is lowkey BDSM-themed

Your paper straws are like sucking blood straight outta the tampon

Have you ever drank your own piss?

Spiritually...we're like dating

There's like 50-80,000 swimmers in ONE nut

My 500-year-old vamp coworker has seen every cool band, like bauhaus. He told me he probably has diseases from all the blood he's sucked

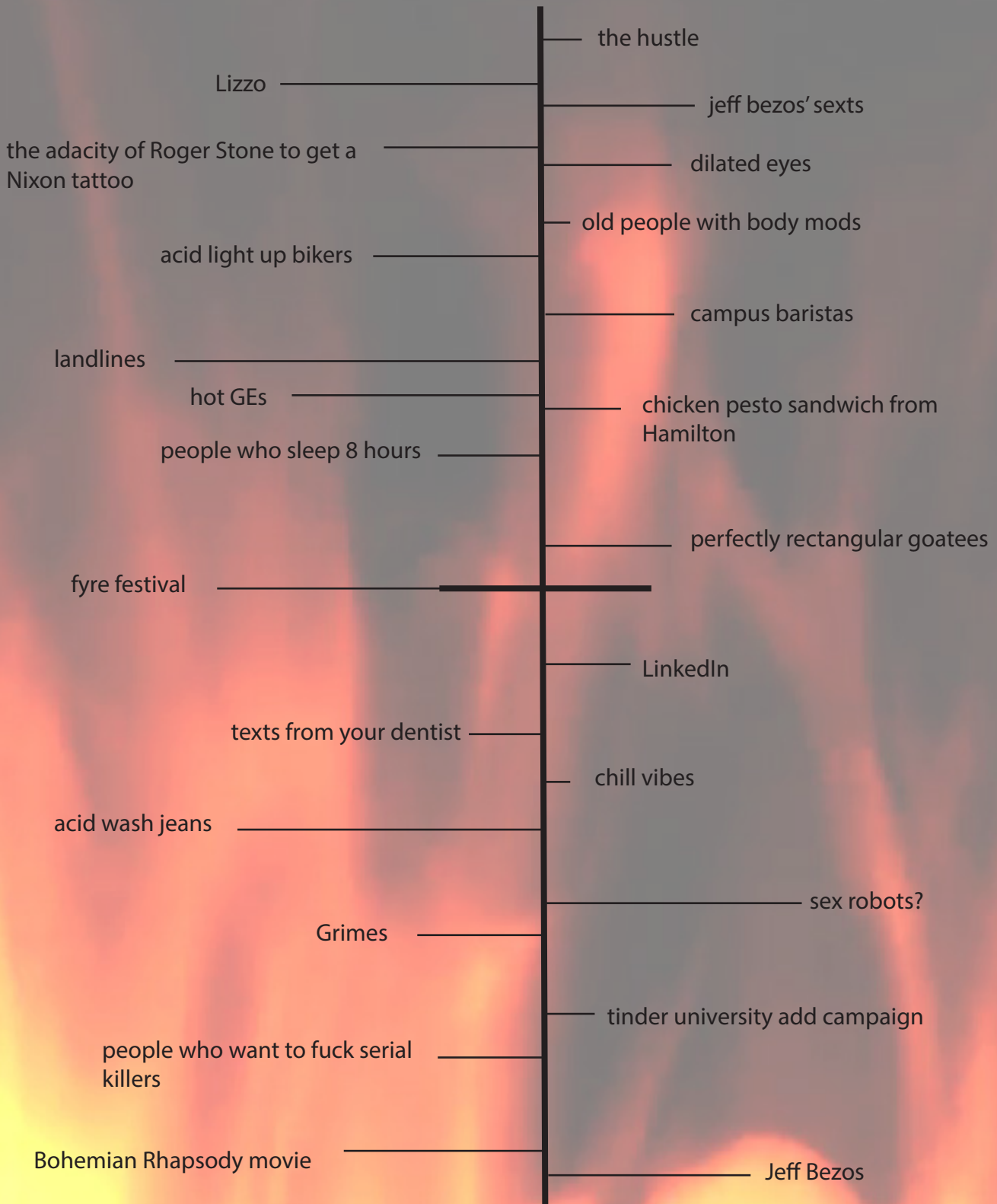
Last time I shotgunned a beer was with my dad

I'll step in your pee in my wool socks

art **MIRANDA CAVAGNARO**

RESPECTRUM

MAD RESPECT

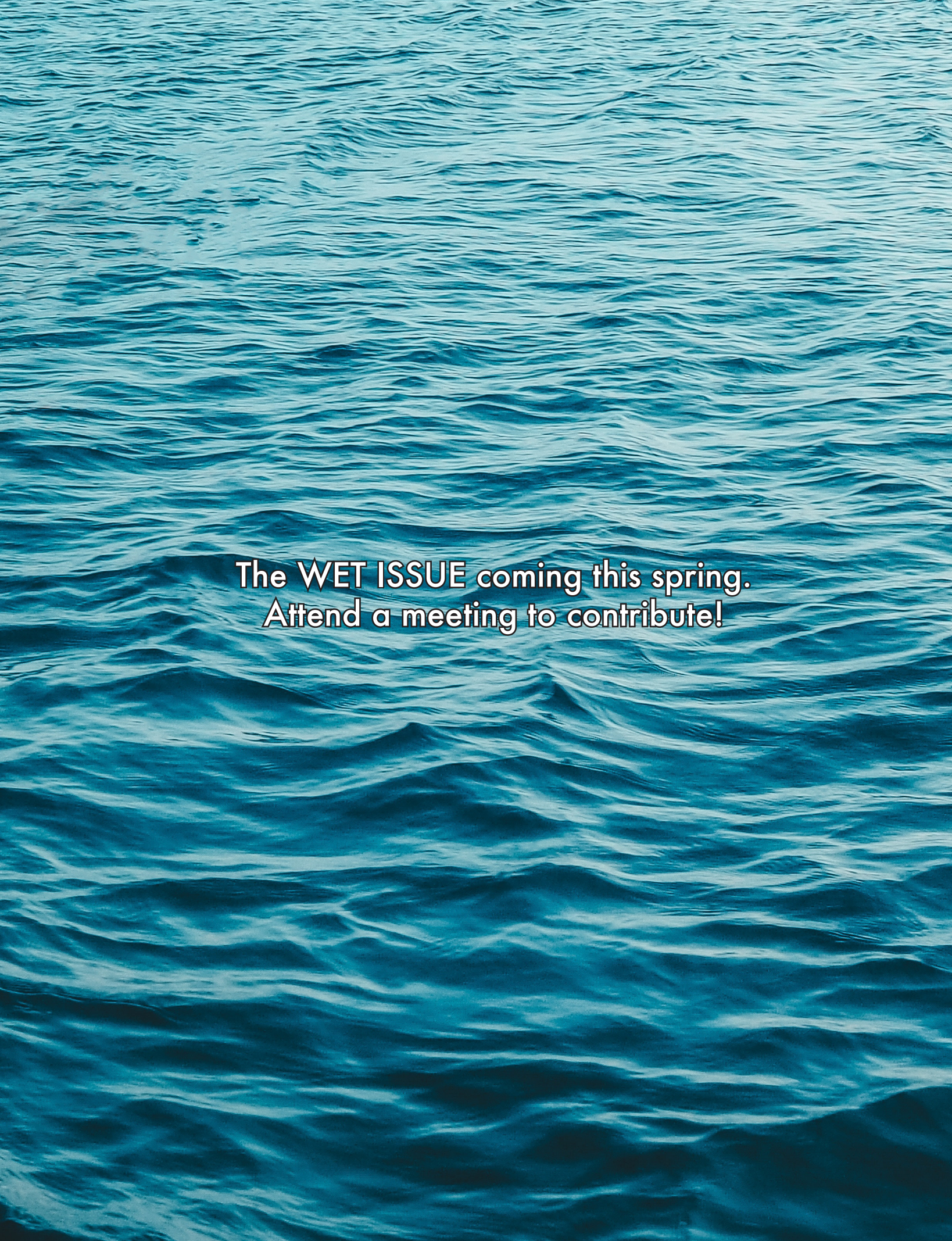


NO RESPECT

Pizza Box Game

Flip a coin and follow the rule that you land on, if you land elsewhere make up a rule





The WET ISSUE coming this spring.
Attend a meeting to contribute!



THE BIRTHDAY ISSUE

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